

# Pleasure For A BITCH



Whenever Debbie and Paula get together, there's bound to be a hot time happening. The two girls can't spend a minute together without screaming at each other—unless they happen to be licking each other's cunt.





Debbie decided to go down on Paula, and once that happened, there was no stopping these two cunt lapping wantons!





**All's well that ends well,  
and these two are  
determined to lick until  
their jaws ache.**











# Blow Dried and Jammed



Rita loves to do Margie's hair. It gives her time to visit plus get her blonde pussy sucked dry.



Rita thrusts her tongue halfway down her friend's throat and loves it. So does Margie.











**Rita knows that Margie will follow with her tongue, and that's what Rita wants. They try to get together every week or so and lap cunt to relax. It always works. Both say cunts are good for you.**













**Always  
Leave  
Them  
Lapping**



Sylvia has but one rule  
for those who go down  
on her semi-sweet muff:  
Always leave them  
lapping. Make her want  
it all the time.







**This bitch  
really knows  
how to suck!**



**Sometimes if  
the mood is  
right, Sylvia  
will lap a bit  
of cunt  
herself.**



**She enjoys it,  
and it always  
makes her lover  
suck all the  
harder.**











# LETS GET GOOEY



When Alice saw her friend Edie naked in the sun, she was overwhelmed with a desire to suck Edie's cunt. It had never happened to Alice before. She didn't know what to think.



Alice could barely control herself. She knew that before the day was out she was going to have to suck Edie's cunt.



Edie told Alice that she loved the feel of Alice's hands on her warm body.







It was everything she thought it would be: hot and juicy and pleasure-laden with hot comes! Alice wondered if she'd ever be able to stop.



# 'HITCH- HIKING HONEY'



"The stupid son-of-a-bitch!" Carol leaped to herself as she punched the green and black Olds west across Ventura Boulevard, past the chrome and leather and price-blasted factories strung out like somebody else's gaudy beads, and roared up the ramp onto the Ventura Freeway headed north like the pursued in a car chase from *Stanley & Hatch*—except this ride was for real. "The stupid son-of-a-bitch!"

Three minutes earlier she had killed a man. This, after five frothing years as a slickup artist, and the very thing it afforded. Tonight—after all these years—was the first time she had to let the hammer slam home on



the Magnum she used. She tried to blot the Rorschach impression of the man's exploding face from her mind as she thrust into the late night traffic and screamed northward through the San Fernando Valley and escape.

She'd entered the liquor store just a few minutes before closing, peering the Green Goddess at the clerk's chest, jerking her head toward the register and dumping

her over-sized Grace carrying bag on the counter. "FBI kit" she'd snapped. But the man had somehow panicked. At forty, he'd have to have been in some war or other, but he'd looked like he'd never seen a portable cannon before. Instead of compliance, she'd gotten mindless panic as the man's eyes flickered over the blue barrel leveled at him—and he charged straight at her from

around the counter. She hadn't had a choice. She had to pull the trigger or be caught on the spot. *Jesus . . . Ah, Jesus!* she thought once again, knocking whirling on the wheel.

The first rays of morning light shined across the Pacific's surface, when Carol saw the teenage girl standing at the edge of 5th with its pointed seawall and a church pointed north. She had neither bag nor baggage at her feet.

Gravel settled around the hubcaps of the parking disk as Carol pulled abreast of the teenage truck, rolling down the convertible's window on the passenger side. "Where you headed?" she called.

The girl nodded her head in the direction Carol was headed. "San Francisco," she said. She had a lovely mass of shining, shoulder-length hair resting several inches beyond the edge of her neck. She wore a white blouse that contrasted ably with the California goldness of fresh, young flesh. Her breasts peered defiantly against the blouse firmly. Carol felt a twinge of elation in her awakening couch. Clearly, the teenage chick was mesmerizing. Her hip-bagger jeans looked painted on, playing up long, graceful legs. Her hips. She looked about seventeen, although something in the smolder eyes hinted at experience far beyond that age. It occurred to Carol that the girl might be useful.

That's the crux of the place, this, right? I'll have you there by late afternoon! She swung open the car door and the teenage beauty got in beside Carol, who took another look. Now she saw the girl was wearing no bra, and no panties either, for the fulltale outline of them beneath the blouse was missing. An additional warmth spread through Carol's loins. Even at the relatively young age of twenty-eight, Carol had a strong appreciation for the sexuality of full-blown adolescence. This chick was almost be-

yond the latter, but definitely, she looked full-blown! Here was the firm, tawny body of a temptress.

By the time she reached Sausalito further north, Carol had made up her mind. It would be better if she stayed here the rest of the morning and part of the afternoon to avoid the feeling of road fatigue that had already set in. There was less than two hours remaining before reaching San Francisco, but she could use the sleep. And while the teenage passenger had time far proven to be less than a witty conversationalist, to pass the hours of the drive, Carol nevertheless was hopeful that she could possess the maddeningly tempting body of the girl.

Carol pulled onto the gravel apron of a restaurant and motel combo and parked. "How 'bout some breakfast, huh? I'm hungry."

The girl had been dozing off, but now she rubbed her eyes, looking awestruck. "Yeah, that would be alright, I suppose," she said sulkily.

"Well, at least you could show a little more enthusiasm about it," Carol said, trying to tease the girl out of an obvious shell.

"Hey, like it don't make my great big difference to me, did I just have eyes to get to Haight-Bey-The-Hay, right?"

"Shut, you sure are uptight, baby? I was just trying to be friendly, you know?"

"Well, don't try too hard! The whole world's tryin' to be friendly!" Her voice sounded like a chamber for the echo of angry words.

Carol gave her a look and headed into the coffee shop, the girl following. She ordered herself a platter of bacon and eggs, and the girl ordered ham and baked. Both sipped their coffee in silence. When the food was served, they ate reverently and hurriedly. Carol paid a sleep-eyed cashier and went back into the parking lot, but instead of walking to the car, she headed toward the motel registration

office.

"Hey," said the manager, "where you going?"

Carol glanced at her over her shoulder. "I don't know about you, then, but I've gotta catch some sleep. Would you like to join me? Or do you want to go on alone?"

At this point, it really didn't matter too much which way the blonde teenager decided. Carol ascertained that the girl was probably as dead as bed as she was everywhere else.

"Uh . . . you didn't say anything about sleeping," was the soft reply. "I . . . uh . . . want to get to San Francisco."

"I know . . . I know," Carol placated, surprised at the girl's sudden loss of softness that belated the plaintive. "And I want to get to San Francisco. But I want to get some sleep before I get there!"

Carol left the girl standing there and walked into the office of the motel, where a heading man in his fifties gave her the registration form to fill out. Then, yawning, she walked back out to the car.

The teenage was snoring loudly, snoring a signature. "I want to go to San Francisco!" she said, glaring at Carol with anger.

Carol yanked her suitcase off the back seat, slammed the door and walked around to where the girl was sitting. "Look, kid," she said, giving the girl a hard, unwavering stare. "The gang is there for a few hours. And I don't give a good goddamn whether you like it or not! So get your sweet ass out of my car before I slap you stupid!"

Still glaring, the girl slid off the car seat and slammed the door behind her. "It isn't fair," she started. "You shouldn't ought to

"Oh, blow it out, your pussy!" Carol snapped. She locked both car doors, then turned and started walking toward the motel. A sudden drive for the girls' tenant, tender body made her stop and

look back, "Well?" she asked, "are you coming or not?"

Silently the girl followed her into the motel room. Carol looked the door behind them. She quickly stopped and went into the bathroom for a quick shower. Returning to the bedroom a few minutes later, she found the girl beneath the sheets. Carol brushed herself off, then drew the drapes and joined the girl in bed.

The girl jumped slightly when Carol's naked body touched hers. Carol lay silently for several moments. The girl's wealth of blonde hair had a rich fragrance which Carol breathed in. Again her lungs began to churn with a mounting expectancy. She propped herself up as an after, looking at the girl beside her. "You still read at, no?" she asked. "Is that why you're not talking?"

"You said you came to get some sleep," the girl replied. "So why the desolation?"

Carol moved slightly closer. "Aw, come on, baby," she said. She trailed a fingered over the girl's ribcage. "Let's be friends, okay? We'll just take a little nap. Then, I'll get you right to San Francisco. I promise."

The girl didn't make a reply. Carol slowly moved her hand over the same spot she had used her fingered on. When the girl still showed no response, Carol boldly raised the palm of her hand over the girl's pink breasts. The girl's blue, young body shivered at the caress. But she didn't speak, nor did she try to remove Carol's hand. Expectancy hung like a blanket in the room, crowding Carol's mind, putting the dull memory of the night before into the rolling reaches of vagueness.

Now her hands boldly cupped and kneaded the taut, pliant breasts as Carol leaned over the prone body of the girl who looked up at her resignedly and without protest.

Carol unbentened the blouse and tugged it off the girl's shoulders. Tennis shoulder-smooth, golden, snowy.

Her breasts peaked pinkily upwards, and Carol leaned the naked nipples into protruding hardness. She worked an arm beneath the girl's shoulders, leered, and brushed her lips with her tongue.

The last vestige of resignation left the girl reluctantly, but positively, as now the girl's mouth opened, inviting Carol's tongue inside. Carol felt the suction of the girl's mouth envelop her tongue tip, sucking it further into the warm, wet channel.

Carol pressed her own pearly breasts against those of the girl, feeling the teenager begin to tremble against her, feeling the quickening of the young girl's breath. Carol tracked a wet tongue down the girl's neck, down toward the tawny breasts to lure them with a lover's touch, working the tip, the nipples, into spirals of excitement now, as the teenager began to giggle. Quickly Carol unknipped the drape, pulling them over willing hips to the ankles, then off and onto the floor. Her eyes drank in the awesome beauty of the teenage girl now spread nude before her appreciative eyes.

The blonde mass of palest flesh was a warm triangle angling down to a vibrant pink oval already glistening with the youthful cream of excitement. Carol delicately delved a finger into the warm-wet gap, gently separating the fold of the moist lips of the teenager's eager pussy. The girl thrust her hips factually upwards, eager to engorge the finger, swallow it into the yawning depths of her cunt.

The lips of the girl's pussy now peaked pink and glistening, spinning apart with excitement, the cuntroom casting them with a sheen of wetness.

"Gosh... ." the girl softly moaned, tugging Carol's hair, thrusting her blue young hips eagerly upward against Carol's hand. A jarring motionless emanated from the eager girl's pussy, acting like an aphrodisiac upon

Carol's spiraling pleasure. "Daaa, do me, do me, do me!" the young girl gasped.

Carol lowered her head down along the golden expanse of flawless flesh, down past the whorled of her deep nose, down along the lush growth of blonde curls to the upper curve of the teenager's femininity, and then between the folds of her cunt.

"Ummmmmm... oohhh!" the girl groaned, beginning to push her delectable young pussy against Carol's mouth.

Carol sucked gently on the sweet girlcock of old pleasure beneath her tongue like a pink pearl of precklessness.

"Ohhh, suck it, suck it, SUCK IT!" the girl groaned. She began thrusting and thrusting her hips, pressing the pinnacles of her spiky pumpkins hardily and hungrily now against Carol's voracious, sucking mouth.

"Easy, baby... easy..." Carol crooned into the gushing flesh that was opening like a blossoming flower beneath her mouth.

Carol gripped the girl's ancock, firm and held it in place as her tongue appeared cock-like into the far reaches of the swelling, arched flesh, at the same time introducing a finger into the girl's squaring bottom, driving it into the perforated, starfish anus to the hot knuckle, as the girl moaned out her pleasure, anal muscles clamping against the digit wildly.

Carol moved in and out of the girl's ass with the finger, using a cadence in time with the fucking flicks of her tongue, the sucking of her mouth, as she all but swallowed the convulsing lips of the teenager's pussy.

The girl was frenzied with excitement, squirming and thrusting, adding out her pleasure as the sensations of pearly climax swirled around her, then broke over her like a tidal wave, convulsing and shaking her, twisting the nipples across her body like a thousand freight cars tumbling across the American night.

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# Poised FOR PLEASURE





Helen had never seen such a sight. Perhaps it was because, in Paris, things occur that do not occur elsewhere. In any case, when the dyke on the bike asked her if she wanted a ride, Helen said yes. She wondered where it would lead. She would soon find out, of course.











To be in bed with another woman – Helen had never thought she would be in such a unique situation. She wondered if she would be addicted to this form of pleasure – and she secretly hoped that she would be.





**The dyke's name was Sammi. She loved sucking cunt – that much was obvious. But she also was an excellent teacher, and Helen had much to learn about the art and technique of cuntlapping. She was the most willing student ever!**

**Helen wanted to move in with Sammi, but the butch wisely told her no. They agreed to meet on weekends.**





# MODEL BEHAVIOR

When a top model like Steffi decides to relax, the last thing she wants to see is a male face. That's why Steffi always chooses Annette to play with. Annette knows just what Steffi needs—a hot wet mouth glued to her juicy clit. Steffi can't get enough of Annette's mouth. She especially likes to be kissed on the ass.







**It always starts slowly, with a sensual massage that progresses smoothly into a hot oral session. Steffi knows that most men would saw off their arms for some of her action, but she's not interested. She likes girls, and she gets what she wants.**









**Annette loves to  
see Steffi's lush  
body aroused,  
and she loves to  
see Steffi's pretty  
face between her  
legs.**









**Steffi secretly believes that only another woman can actually satisfy her—no man would know what to do.**

**She wonders if she should invite Annette to move in—but that would cut off Steffi's other oral action!**









# LESBO LUNCH



When two hot ladies who refuse to wear panties get together for lunch, you can bet it's going to be an exciting feast! At first Joan was nervous — she'd never dined with a cunt staring her in the face.

Still, Nora's blonde beauty was easy to get used to, and before they'd finished their coffee, the two women knew the afternoon would be spent in bed.



**Joan  
had told her  
that she'd never  
get enough hot  
oral love!**



**Nora never  
thought it  
would be so  
good.**















# Trio At St. Tropez

A glass of wine was all it took — that, and the hot French sun beating down on their braincases. It seemed only natural to go for it right then.









**Who would've thought that a mere thirty minutes after their arrival, Carla and Brigit would be up to their armpits in pleasure!**







**Greta knew what she was doing when she invited those Scandinavian cunts down for a free vacation. She'd never seen the two women as hot and horny as they appeared. They would do anything in order to lie in the sun.**





**Carla was  
moaning with  
pleasure and  
Briget was  
snorting because  
she was so  
excited.**



**It was going to  
be a splendid two  
weeks – hot cunt  
every day!**







The desire to suck, lap or otherwise stimulate a cunt into a state of pleasure, starts at an early age. These two, fresh out of high school, are about to experiment with each other's delicious cunt.



# TEENAGE TWAT LICKERS





It was all  
that they  
expected it  
to be – and  
more!





















# ***SAPPHO DELIGHT***

**When tit queens get together, it's bound to be a hot, juicy session! They like the quiet company of each other, and they both know exactly how to best fondle and arouse each other's tits. Soon they progress to the real thing—hot and honest cunt lapping. These two know all the tricks. Each is a certified oral technician. There can be no doubt that pleasure will be the end result.**











**Tits, cunt – they'll suck anything. Their pleasure begins to build slowly, but strongly.**





**They know a good session can take all day. Cunts taste good when they're hot and juicy, and both girls can't wait to come a few times and loosen up before getting down to the serious business of sucking. It'll be hot for hours with these two!**









"Uhhhh! GGGghhhhh! MfGd! H-Hm coming, coming, coming!" the girl screamed, raising frantically upwards as though in a death spasm, before falling limply back upon the bed.

Carol raised her head, wiping off the grime from her lips. She looked down at the flushed face of the girl, the smugness in the almost-closed eyes answering her upwards at her. But the girl said nothing.

New Carol moved upwards along the heart, unbuttoned body, knee on either side of the teenager's shoulders, pussy now directly over the girl's face.

Carol moved herself downward slowly, until she felt the wet lips of her pussy against the girl's mouth. She felt a tentative, delicate flick of the girl's tongue against her own. She felt a reciprocity of attention about through her as she began to gently caress and rail her legs, riding her still and out over the girl's mouth and chin.

Almost shyly, the girl placed her hands upon Carol's hips, no covering the rotators, and Carol faced with an increasing fury against the teenager's mouth, feeling a spring somewhere deep inside her begin to coil tighter and tighter—until it exploded like an atom, hurling the shards of pleasure throughout her body, her green shaking out against the girl's sucking mouth as Carol came, came again, and will again with the staccato of a string of fireworks.

New Carol, limp and ready for sleep, Carol rolled off the surprisingly passionate teenager, rolled onto her back and closed her eyes. "Thanks, baby . . . see you in a little while," she murmured, as sleep undid her with the warm deliriousness as the girl's cunt had worked. She patted one of the girl's exposed breasts, then considered to the demand for sleep.

It seemed almost that the moment Carol had closed her eyes, she felt the bounce of the bed as

the teenager bounded from it. Instantly later, she heard the hoarse voice of an announcer from the TV set turned on too loud.

Carol opened a reluctant eye and looked at the girl. "Are you crazy? Turn that thing off!" she demanded.

"When are we going to San Francisco?" The girl's voice carried none of the warmth Carol might have expected. "I did what you wanted. Now when are you going to do what I want?"

Anger rode through Carol's body, sweeping away the last fragment of pleasure from the explosive climax of moments before. Her voice took on a scathing flourish. ". . . When I'm good and goddamned ready! Now turn that thing off!" Part of Carol's anger was from the girl's total repudiation of the experience they had neither shared.

"I want to go now. Right now!" the girl insisted petulantly. Like a small, single-minded child, she was standing by the television set, still naked, her hands on her hips in a posture of complete defiance.

Carol closed her eyes. "So go ahead and bitchslap. I don't care. Just stop hugging me!"

The girl became silent, but the television set stayed on. Carol began to count silently to ten, trying to quell the anger that was rising like green bile in her throat.

She would be able to sleep no matter how long the teenager played the television, she was that tired. The need to even get up and turn it off.

The local news anchor's voice had a low urgency to it now, and gradually Carol became aware of the words.

" . . . considered psychotic," the newscaster was saying. "Police believe she was hitchhiking along the Coast Highway somewhere north of Santa Barbara. Motorists are advised to approach hitchhikers with extreme caution. Miss Keady has already stabbed at least three known persons to

death, and is believed to be suffering under delusions of persecution, making her extremely dangerous. Her last known . . ."

Carol listened to the words, but her sleepless blinks threw her respect, preventing the crawling from filtering through. She panted, squaring continuously as she could under the circumstances, covering the cobwebs of the sheets against her skin.

It was the clicking sound of her valve lock which made her again look up. The girl was bent over the opened suitcase, but now she stood up, wheeled, and faced Carol, a cold, ruthless smile upon her face.

"You have no intention of taking me to San Francisco, you bitch! You're out to use me just like the rest," she said. In her hand was the heavy, blue ragman.

Carol gasped in startlement and total alarm. "What the . . . Put that thing down!" she shouted at the girl. But the girl rolled it, taking the handle now with both hands, twirling the muscle around so that it pointed at Carol's face, and for a moment, the woman had a fleeting recall of the liquor store clerk—as his own face disintegrated in front of the jailing gun.

"Put it down! I'll take you to San Francisco right now!" Carol shouted, beginning to raise up.

" . . . Just like all the rest," the girl repeated, still panting the heavy caliber revolver. Her eyes seemed blank, as though staring at something very far away.

Carol had swung her legs over the edge of the bed now, a mere few feet from the teenager girl.

Carol saw the girl's finger when as it tightened on the trigger. It was the very last thing she saw as the gun exploded and her mind was fleetingly filled with the colors of red, white and black, unworldly of the consciousness of the girl as she tossed the gun upon the bed beside her, turned off the TV, walked out the door and was gone. ■

